

Change the Game (feat. Looga Man & Kid Krupt)

Sean Paul

Hey yo we flip the script now the game done changed
Dutty cup music drive dem insane
Worldwide, yard ain't been the same
Jigsaw zigular come bring the pain..
Hey yo Sean Paul, bad mind waan see you pop down and drop down
Step we a go step pon dem, tek onnu class, who a di real boss, hey! Still blowin' up stage shows, all over the
globe
Make mi tell you this god knows.
It no matta who wah chat mouth, chat bout seandapaul an di dutty a no real folks.
Cause wi still don't love those,
Back bitters and dem wolf inna sheep clothes.
Still no love none a them hoes, still I got a lot fine ladies at my dispose.
Nothin' more need to disclose.
SP a di dapper, bless with the best metaphors.
Them caan test all we ill flows.
That why all the fake ones dem getting' exposed.
I'm laughin' at these Johncrows, when them encroach, mi shot them with a fresh dose.
Blow them up make them explode outta the cosmos, cause we a the utmost.[Chorus]
Cause we be keeping it live.
And we don't be talking that jive.
Dutty blazin' it overdrive, we nah back slide.
Cause we ever deh pon di campaign.
Non stop we riding this train.
Platinum plaques and all the fame
We change the game. Dutty rock, got my back, rat-a-tat-tat-tat,
If a bwoy dis the fact we full them up a scatter shot,
Bullet weh we got a lot, we aimin' for your cataract,
We di gal dem follow here the flow and know a Dutty that,
Loogie Loogie mi pon di track, di gal them drop inna mi trap
Non stop stop, dem a get, from the kitty fox
Then dem woulda ask, tell dem quickly dutty got the machinery
To chill nothin' nice than change up them scenery
Believe me, me no like when guy pre me
Especially when me under me greenery
Still I don't know what dem hoes be thinkin'
A we dem hear out, I wonder if them drinkin'
Me no care who dem linkin' or who a the kingpin
A Bwoy better boogie when the infrared blinkin'
We have them line up and the shot dem sinkin'

Make them decompose and stinkin', su! [Chorus] We nah pay dem no mind so make them bwoy chat

Not a point of return there's no lookin' back
With my eyes on me gold and me Henny to the top
And me got Sean Paul and a sell some plaque
Dem no like that, so them come a huff up and a puff up
And a gwaan like say dem waan bruk up the big up
Dem no love we lifestyle but we still a live it up
Sean say fi represent, so, we rep it up
What a pity dutty run the city lock up a titty
Gal a shake them ass and keepin' it jiggy
Take it back to basic, Tupac and Biggie,
And a watch old school joints on Rap City
Kickin back and relax and a blaze a ziggy,
And the first draw she take she start move giggly
Me haffi wonder if da gal ya come from Tripoli
Make her know this Jamaican is too muckily [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

HENRIQUES, SEAN PAUL/DALEY, A/HENRIQUES, JASON/RODNEY, J
Published by
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC
Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>